

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XX.

STANFORD KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

NO. 91

## LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

Quarterly court was in session Monday and Wednesday. Several cases were disposed of but none of importance to the outside world.

Jenkins & Burnside have commenced pricing and shipping their tobacco. They are shipping to the Louisville and Cincinnati markets.

As soon as the weather will permit Messrs. Batson and West will begin work on their large and handsome store rooms on Richmond Street.

It is "Major" Jim Crow Dillon now, if you please. He has purchased a regulation drum major's outfit and will wield the baton in front of the brass band.

Mr. W. T. West has resigned as deputy collector of internal revenue for this division. Mr. R. A. Burnside has been appointed in his place. The change will be made next Monday.

The fast flying "boat," sometimes called a train, which stays between Rowland and Richmond, managed Wednesdays to get the 8 A. M. mail to Lancaster at 2 o'clock, P. M. This unusual speed is worthy of record. This train runs from Rowland to Richmond and return, a distance of 52 miles, in one day. Lancaster is indeed proud of her railroad facilities.

The carrying to Chicago of the old Libby prison for exhibition at the World's Fair is an act that ought to meet with the universal disapprobation of all right minded people. It only serves to keep alive the unpleasant recollections of the war that ought to be forgotten. If the originators of this despicable business could be incarcerated in its walls upon arrival and fed on bread and water during the existence of the exposition, it would be about what they deserve.

The funeral of Mrs. C. M. Reid, who died in Denver, Colorado, and was buried in our cemetery on the 8th inst., was peculiarly sad. The weather was intensely cold and the ground covered with snow, yet a goodly number of our prominent citizens attended the funeral. She was the wife of Rev. Charles M. Reid, a talented young Baptist minister, and son of Mr. T. W. Reid, of this place, who married and went West about a year ago. Her death was deeply deplored by her family and friends and her husband has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in his bereavement.

If the oldest inhabitant, or any other inhabitant, can remember a longer cold spell than the one through which we are now passing, it will be in order for him to rise and inform us as to the time when it happened. From about the middle of October to now, January 12, near three months, good fires have been necessary in every residence, office, store and manufactory in Central Kentucky. It is believed by many that the cutting out of the timber has been the cause of the severe cold winds that we have experienced and many good reasons have been given to sustain this theory. The establishment of "Arbor Day" by the Legislature does not seem to have increased the planting of trees, and our farms are bleak and desolate, so far as our native forests are concerned. Coal at 15¢ a bushel is pretty hard upon the poor; but they have to pay it or freeze.

Miss Myra Owlesley, of Hubbell, is visiting Miss Myrtle Wilds. Mr. Burt Spencer left Monday for Bryant & Stratton College, Louisville. Misses Lillie Grant and Lizzie Thompson have returned from a visit to Stanford. Mrs. A. H. Rice is visiting in Marksburg this week. Messrs. Dean, of Glendale, attended the funeral of Mrs. C. W. Reid, Sunday. Miss Nellie Dilion is visiting in Richmond. Mrs. Hattie Wooldridge and daughter, Mary, are visiting Mrs. T. W. Reid. Mrs. W. G. Dunlap and children have returned to Camp Nelson. Miss Lizzie Thompson entertained a few friends Thursday evening. Misses Mary Annie Wilmore and Mary Welsh have returned to Nicholaville. Mr. San Joseph, of Cincinnati, is in town this week. Mr. A. H. Rice, of Paducah, arrived Tuesday to visit relatives. Miss Dell's Hughes is visiting in Lower Garrard. Dr. Ramsey and family, of Upper Garrard, left Thursday for Mississippi, where they will spend the winter.

Atlanta is to have a new union depot, the nine companies running in there to join hands in its erection. The estimated cost of grounds, depot and train sheds is \$1,500,000.

## Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be the Route from Chicago to St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double train service and fine equipment offers insurance which can not be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First Class and Tourist, from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Cold. If you have ever used this great and wonderful medicine one trial will convince you that it has the most perfect curative powers in all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at A. R. Penny's drug store. Large bottles 50¢ and \$1.

## THE LEGISLATURE;

### The Door Keeper Writes a Letter.

(Editor Interior Journal.)

FRANKFORT, Jan. 10.—The House got down to business this morning and after disposing of some amendments to the revenue and taxation bill, took up the bill providing for a display of Kentucky's resources at the World's Columbian Exposition. It was championed by Hon. I. M. Quigley of McCracken, in one of the ablest and happiest efforts since the convening of the session. Mr. Kreger, of Louisville, made an able speech for it, and our little Tom Pettit drew his well worn constitution on it and made a fine argument against the bill, pointing out its unconstitutional points and its class legislation, as he seemed to see it, in a masterly manner. It was truly good speech, had he not been steering against the current. Finally about 12:30 the previous question was moved on the bill and all its amendments and voting soon began, which resulted in the passage of the bill by 52 to 35, and then the House adjourned.

To-day was made a memorable one from the fact that the House passed the World's Fair bill, but more so because it was the pleasure of the members and many others to listen to one of the most soul-stirring addresses it was ever my pleasure to hear, delivered by the Hon. John R. Fellows, of New York. He dwelt upon Kentucky hospitality and chivalry in such glowing and quaint terms that they must be heard to be appreciated. His reference to sacred things and to divine interposition and protection was made in such a reverential way as to wake the finest emotions in any breast. His speech was short, but the many nice things he said were so well said that I am certain no one who had the opportunity of hearing it failed to be thankful that he came, especially as he claimed to be half Kentuckian, and that the better half.

After the delivery of his speech Senator Carlisle, Kentucky's talented and distinguished son, who is to wear the worthy distinction of secretary of the treasury under the gallant and fearless Cleveland, was loudly called for and enthusiastically cheered when he arose to express his appreciation of their kindness and honors. He said his visit to the capital was purely professional and with a broad smile said he had been endeavoring to make it such since his arrival, but the smile seemed to say, "How gloriously I have failed!"

Gov. Brown was an interested listener to Col. Fellows' address and was loudly called for at the conclusion of Carlisle's few remarks. He excused himself by saying if any people under the sun had reason to feel thankful it was Kentuckians and retired from the stand amid prolonged applause. Col. Fellows was frequently interrupted by outbursts of continued applause and his eyes filled with tears as his heart overflowed with emotion while he portrayed the beauties of our American system of government and our divinely blessed Nation. Col. Fellows is short of stature but a giant in intellect.

To-morrow Senator Carlisle will argue the lottery case before the court of appeals.

The senatorial contest is on, to all intents and purposes, with plenty of material to select from.

J. C. MC.

## LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

Mr. R. M. Jackson has been made cashier of the London Bank.

A big fire Wednesday night, which caught from the flue in Judge R. Boyd's house burned it and H. C. Eversole's residence adjoining. The Jackson House was saved by persistent and hard work. Mr. Eversole's loss is \$3,000, with \$1,000 insurance; Judge Boyd's is \$1,800 and many valuable papers. The books of Judge J. W. Alcorn, who had an office in the building, were saved.

The House rejected the proposed amendments to the constitution substituting December 31 for March 4 as the commencement and termination of the official term of members of the House and Senate and providing that Congress shall hold its annual meetings in January.

## Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Cold. Now, Little Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or give such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and word said to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. R. Penny, druggist.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of Colds, Coughs, Croup, &c., is well known throughout the country. This is no longer a secret, and all relief is always to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. 50-cent bottles for sale by W. B. McRoberts, druggist, Stanford, Ky.

In buying a cough medicine for children, "says Dr. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogdensburg, New York, "I have never used but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. 50-cent bottles for sale by W. B. McRoberts, druggist, Stanford, Ky."

## DANVILLE.

—Mr. Wm. L. Reed, who is ill with pneumonia, continues to improve.

—The funeral of the late W. R. Mock took place Wednesday; services by Rev. J. S. Kendrick, of the Christian church.

—Utopia Lodge No. 33, K. of P., of this place, is now practicing the new ritual of the order, which goes into effect early Feb. 19 next.

—There will be a candle pulling tonight at the Methodist church. Mrs. Taylor, wife of the pastor, will superintend matters generally.

—Councilman W. H. Harris is out, after a month's illness of grip. Mr. W. G. Marks is back in Danville, after an absence of a year or more in the West.

—A telegram received Tuesday evening by Mr. A. J. Rice announced that his son, R. J. Rice, who was shot a few days ago at Fort Worth, Tex., was progressing satisfactorily.

—Lewis Watson was fined \$25 in the police court Wednesday for swearing and permitting some 12 or 14 "geum-n" to play the ancient and honorable game of craps in his palatial mansion, situated in the alley between Main and Broadway.

—The horses hitched to Embry, Dunn & Fox's bus ran away from the depot about 9 o'clock Monday night and coming up town, got as far as the colored Methodist church, on Walnut street, when the bus upset and was smashed to pieces. No one was hurt.

—A number of legal gentlemen, who have examined the report of the revisory committee of the Kentucky Senate concerning cities of the 4th-class, which includes Danville, object to it because it does not confer upon the city authorities the power to create bonded debt, should it be desirable to build water works or other similar public improvements.

—Thomas H., John T. and Emma D. Williams and Lucy Jane Corbin have sold to M. J. Farris four-sevenths of the farm now occupied by W. D. Finch, for \$16,800. This land, situated on the Perryville pike, belonged to the estate of the late lamented Dr. T. W. Jackson, and in the division thereof, there being no will, according to the laws of descent and distribution, was, with three more sevenths, allotted to the doctor's sister, Mrs. Sally Williams. The grantor's above named are Mrs. Williams' children. Mrs. Finch being another one, Mr. Finch by this arrangement now has three-sevenths of the 600 and some acres.

—A number of the Mexican war veterans of this town and county will make no effort to secure the additional allowance per month, some time ago granted by Congress, owing to the humiliating conditions imposed by the law. The applicant is required to swear and prove "That he is wholly disabled for manual labor and is in such destitute circumstances; that \$8 per month are insufficient to provide the claimant with the necessities of life." This would "cut out" even the occupant of a county poorhouse, for how could he swear "that he is in such destitute circumstances, &c.," when the county is providing him with the "necessaries of life?" If when the democrats get in they cannot do better than this, they had better quit talking of "reform." Give the Mexican soldier at least an equal chance with the nigger!

—The senatorial contest is on, to all intents and purposes, with plenty of material to select from.

J. C. MC.

## Stanford and Danville Railroad.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.)

The present high prices of coal, and of every commodity that is absolutely essential to a well ordered household,

the recent gloomy prospect for a coal famine and the high prices of freight charged the shippers and consumers, as well as the people at large, of both Stanford and Danville, is sufficient to convince any sensible business man that both towns need an additional railroad.

Each pays in freight, as can be easily demonstrated, at least \$50,000 per year more than it would pay if each had a competing line of railroad.

A railroad from the depot in our town to the depot in the other can be built and equipped, if the estimate of a thoroughly competent engineer are even approximately correct, at an astonishing small cost. Such a road would at once relieve Stanford from the L. & N. monopoly and Danville from the C. S. monopoly.

The saving to the two communities in one year would nearly build and equip the road. It can be easily operated upon its earnings and could perhaps be made to pay a dividend.

We have assurances that if 50 per cent of paid-up stock is subscribed the road can be built. This being the case, why is it that these two wealthy communities should not have sufficient business intelligence and energy to at once take hold of the enterprise, raise the necessary money and push it through to completion?

We make these suggestions for the purpose of calling the attention of the two towns to an opportunity and a safe one, too, of saving a large amount of money, which is under the present circumstances constantly being poured into the coffers of those two monopolies.

In a few days we will wait upon the prominent business men of the two communities to see if the necessary funds can be raised.

## POETIC GEMS.

### Domestic Bliss.

Happy they, the happiest of the kind, Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'Tis not the nearer tie of human laws, Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind, That binds their peace, but harmony itself, Attuning all their passions into love:

Where friendship full exerts her softest power, Perfect esteem enlivens'd by desire Ineffable, and sympathy of soul; Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.

With bounteous confidence.

### Drifting Apart.

And all that fills the hearts of friends When first they teel with secret pain Their lives henceforth have separate ends, And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart That words are powerless to express,

And leave it still unaid in park, Or say it in too great excess.

—Longfellow.

### Apostrophe to Life.

"Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

"Tis hard to part when friends are dear,

"Perhaps, 'twll cause a sigh, a tear:

"Then steal away, give little warning,

"Choose thine own time;

"Say not good night, but in some brighter clime

"Bid me good morning."

—Mrs. Barbaud.

(Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

### Drifters.

And all that fills the hearts of friends When first they teel with secret pain

Their lives henceforth have separate ends,

And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart

That words are powerless to express,

And leave it still unaid in park,

Or say it in too great excess.

—Longfellow.

### Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, ulcers, rashes, blisters, fever and other skin diseases. It cures all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

## "HELP THE YOUNG GIRLS."

## For Every Dollar's Worth

Of goods bought of me, the purchaser

## Is Entitled to a Vote,

For some deserving young girl for a

## Five-Month's Scholarship at Prof. Hubbard's School.

The votes to be counted at 6 p. m. next Commencement Exercises, and the result publicly announced there. Fractions of a dollar not counted.

Very Respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

P. S.—I will pay the same amount to the colored young girl getting the most votes and she can attend any colored school she prefers.

W. H. HIGGINS.

## DO YOU NEED

## A CARPET?

.....Our Carpets for the .....

## SPRING : SEASON

Are

## ARRIVING DAILY,

## SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., JANUARY 13, 1893

W. P. WALTON.

SIX : PAGES.  
EVERY FRIDAY.

SENATOR CARLISLE has not yet said that he will resign his seat to become secretary of the treasury, but it is so well understood that he will that the fight for the succession goes bravely on. The Louisville Times' Frankfort correspondent, who is generally well posted, says that all things conspire together to make Gov. Brown's calling and election sure.

In the first place is his own popularity, in the second his locality, in the third whatever strength Lt. Gov. Alford can command, as he is very ambitious to become governor, and fourth the influence of Senator Blackburn, who will exert himself for the election of a Western Kentucky man, so as to make his own prospects for re-election better than he would be with a Senator selected from almost his immediate neighborhood. All this may be true, and yet the governor may not be able to knock the person. Gov. McCreary has a great knack of getting there and we always have an abiding faith in him. Govs. Knott and Buckner say they are not candidates and it is thought the fight will finally narrow down to Brown, McCreary and Lindsay. A poll of the Legislature by posted politicians show that Brown has 25 votes, Lindsay 21, McCreary 20, Clay 19 and Stone 15. The chances do seem somewhat in Gov. Brown's favor, but he is on the ground and the other candidates have not yet, with the exception of Clay, put in an appearance. In any event, the struggle promises to be a memorable one, long-drawn-out.

An eventful, stormy and interesting life ended when the heart of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler ceased to perform its functions, Tuesday afternoon. He died at Washington, where he had been for some time attending a case of his own in the supreme court, and it is thought that the fact that it was decided against him hastened his demise. As lawyer, politician, statesman and manufacturer, he left his footprints on the sands of time, many of which should never have been made, and for charity's sake ought now to be obliterated. As a soldier he was a failure, save to harass women and defenseless people. Very little of good can be said of the "Old Beast" and "Old Spoons," as he was known in New Orleans during the war, so we follow the charitable injunction to say as little of evil as we can and dismiss the subject, confident that the devil will square matters to his own, if not to Benjamin's, satisfaction.

ALTHOUGH the people said in thunder tones on the 8th of November that they wanted Grover Cleveland to be president, the cumbersome methods necessary under the law to declare him elected have not yet been completed. Another step was taken towards that end Monday, when the electors in the various States met and cast their votes as directed by the popular vote, save that of North Dakota, which divided her three votes between Cleveland, Harrison and Weaver. This is a gain for Cleveland of one and makes his majority in the electoral vote 109 and gives him 277, Harrison 145 and Weaver 23. This ought to settle it, but it doesn't. The last step will be taken February 8, when the certified vote will be counted, and the result declared by Congress in joint session.

It is very gratifying to note that the House by a vote of 52 to 36 passed the Carroll bill appropriating \$100,000 to the World's Fair. The Senate should follow suit at the earliest possible moment and settle the question of Kentucky's representation at the great exhibition. In the vote in the House our representative, Hon. D. B. Edmiston, was of course recorded in the affirmative. He is a progressive man and does not train with the mossbacks.

The Californians, disgusted with the way the senatorial seats have been bought in that State, voted 187,958 to 13,442 for U. S. Senators to be elected by a direct vote of the people, instead of by the Legislature. It is only a question of time when a general law changing the mode of such elections, will be in force, and the shorter the time the better for the honesty and purity of the members of the highest law-making body in the world.

HON. CLAUDE MATTHEWS, a former Kentuckian and a graduate of Centre College, was inaugurated governor of Indiana Monday. With a democratic governor, both U. S. Senators democrats and that party largely predominating in the Legislature, the Hoosier State seems to have entered the democratic list to stay. Benjamin Harrison ought to be proud of his State, but he isn't, that anybody knows of.

The Tennessee Legislature is talking of calling a constitutional convention. Don't do it. Profit by Kentucky's experience and endure the ills you have rather than fly to others that you know not of.

AFTER a long and brave struggle with the King of Terrors, Senator John E. Kenna of West Virginia, succumbed Wednesday morning, at his temporary home in Washington. Less than 45 years of age, brilliant, ambitious, industrious and popular, Senator Kenna seemed destined to reach the highest rung of the ladder of fame, but man proposes and God disposes, and calls him from a useful life while yet in his prime. Besides serving a year in the Confederate army, five years as county attorney, two years as circuit judge and six years as Congressman, he had been United States Senator for ten years, being elected to that high office at an unusually early age. He was a genial and lovable man and his loss will be mourned sincerely by his intimates and sadly felt by the country at large.

THIRTY thousand people saw Gov. Altgeld inaugurated in Illinois Tuesday and hailed themselves hooray to see a democratic chief executive again for the first time for over 20 years. A large majority of the States now have democratic governors, including the former republican strongholds of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. The G. O. P. isn't in it now to any great extent anywhere and the day seems to be hastening when it will entirely peter out. It has outlived its usefulness, if ever had any. Let it be interred unwept, unhonored and unsung.

EDWARD MURPHY, JR., the Troy brewer, was nominated for U. S. Senator by the joint caucus of the democratic members of the New York legislature, receiving 85 votes. Hon. Bourke Cochran, who was not a candidate, got five votes. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland opposed Murphy's election, so it is possible that he will have the hostility of both Senators from his State.

This handsomest of the many handsome calendars received at this office is that of the Richmond Register which is printed in the centre of a miniature reproduction of the first page of its issue of Dec. 23. The calendar will be sent to all the subscribers of that excellent paper, and it is a gift that any one will appreciate.

THE Newport Journal says the INTERIOR JOURNAL can tell a good many things, but it can not tell when the legislature will adjourn sine die. Oh, yes it can. The day before the next legislature will be sworn in. That is to say, about the last of next Christmas.

The road convention to be held at Lexington on the 17th should be attended by practical men from all over the State. The question of road improvement is now one of the most important before Kentuckians.

ANOTHER of the old-line abolitionists, Gilbert Pillsbury, of Boston, has just gone at the age of 76, leaving but few to tell the tale of the movement that ended in civil war and the freedom of the slaves.

### NEWSY NOTES.

—There are 27,000 liquor dealers in Paris.

—Pugilist Corbett will be one of the many attractions at the World's Fair.

—The L. & N. has declared a cash dividend of 2 per cent., payable Feb. 3.

—Tom Parker, colored, shot Jim Carson, at Somerset, during a saloon fight.

—Akron, O., has a small-pox scare, a dozen or more cases being reported from there.

—Allen McGhee has confessed to the fatal stabbing of Jesse Jordan at Milldale, this State.

—A premature explosion in a coal mine at King, Col., killed 27 of the 28 men at work in it.

—Bob Lucy, teamster at Middleboro, had both legs so badly frozen that they had to be amputated.

—John L. Sullivan says he is getting too old and too big to fight and that he will hereafter stick to the stage.

—Eight men and boys, convicted of the murder of Dr. J. H. Hill, will be hung at Charleston, Md., to-day.

—Dewey, Rogers & Co., of Toledo, the largest shoe house in Ohio, have failed. Liabilities \$12,000,000; assets \$350,000.

—Claude Minifie, a colored girl at Omaha, Neb., shot and killed herself because her lover, a white man, teased her.

—Chicago now has 22 railroads, New York and Kansas City each 16, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati each 15 and Peoria 11. Atlanta has 9 roads.

—Clifford Gordon, a Lexington grocer, eloped with Lillian Hamilton, madam of a noted McGowan street bagnio, leaving a wife and two children.

—Miss Mary Leininger, of London, O., attempted to make a fire in the cooking stove by using coal oil. An explosion followed, killing her instantly.

—Rudolph Obermeier, a saloon-keeper of Mobile, Ill., has sued his barber for \$5,000 for the loss of his luxuriant mustache, caused, as he claims, by carelessness in trimming it.

—Mrs. Lease, the Kansas woman, who wanted to be U. S. Senator, has withdrawn for the sake of peace and harmony and the promise of an appointment on the State board of charities.

—Notwithstanding the fact that local option has been voted out of Elizabethtown, there will likely be but few saloons in the town. The trustees have fixed liquor license at \$500, which includes drug stores.

—Middlesboro, Mt. Sterling and Paris each report 12° to 15° below 0. The thermometers must be out of fix.

—Senator Joseph R. Hawley was renominated by the republican caucus of the Connecticut General Assembly.

—Gov. Eagle, of Arkansas, is again at the point of death. He has been growing steadily worse for the past 24 hours.

—It has been intensely cold in the Northwest, the mercury at Medicine Hat, Minn., going down to 36° below zero.

—The deadlock in the Nebraska Senate after lasting a week, was broken Wednesday by a coalition of the democrats and populists.

—The physicians at Greenville removed a pistol ball from the right thigh of James Poag, the result of a shot in the year 1864. The ball had gravitated about 18 inches through the flesh in the last 29 years.

—An Illinois "mind reader" proposes to throw himself into a state of insensibility, be buried, allow a crop of barley to ripen over his grave and then be resurrected and awakened as if from a night's sleep.

—M. H. McClarke, book-keeper for Haynes & Benson, Knoxville, used \$14,300 of the firm's money and confessed to having done so when an expert began work on his books. The money was lost in the bucket shop.

—Paul Scruges and Henry Allen, who robbed and then burned Rube Atkinson, his house-keeper and little daughter, were taken from the jail at Cotton Plant, Ark., and hung, after which their bodies were riddled with bullets.

—The first official act of the new Populist Governor of Kansas was to respite a murderer who had been sentenced to death. The Governor is opposed to capital punishment, and in his message recommended that it be abolished.

—A dispatch from Harrodsburg states that on the farms of E. P. McFatridge and Thomas Alexander, near that town, there never was seen the like of crowds. They are starving and a few days ago killed a 300-pound hog and devoured the flesh.

—The Whisky Trust has formally adopted the Takamine process and will commence to use it immediately. It is claimed the process reduces the cost from 12 to 1.8 cents for a given quantity of alcohol and effects a saving of 17 cents on a bushel of small grain.

—Notwithstanding Mr. Blaine's serious illness he still enjoys music. An Italian organ grinder stopped in front of his house and began to play several airs. A policeman ordered him away, but a servant of the sick man brought a dollar, with a request to keep on playing.

### FACT AND TRADE ITEMS.

—Hogs are selling at 7:30 to 7½ at Chicago.

—Canada has a cheese that weighs 20,000 pounds.

—Nearly 2,000 horses went in the 2:30 list last year.

—Jones Bros. sold to Prewitt & Wood 8 fat heifers at 2½¢.

—I wish to buy 20 good milk cows. G. A. Peyton, Stanford.

—Joe Swope sold to M. B. Eubanks 83 ewes and 2 bucks at \$4.50.

—A. F. Moberly sold to G. C. Abramham a pair of mules for \$250.

—Nearly \$12,000,000 worth of tobacco was sold in Louisville last year.

—Arion, 2:10½, will stand at \$1,500 next year. He will be limited.

—W. M. McAfee sold to Light Hudson, of Boyle, a combined mare for \$175.

—The Richmond Climax reports sales of 22 head 15-hand 2-year-old mules at \$100.

—Phallas, 2:13½, was bid in at only \$4,100 at the public sale of the late J. I. Case.

—MULES FOR SALE.—A car load of 154 hands, 3 years old and all broke. B. B. King, Moreland.

—The Mercer County Fair Association is indebted \$4,100 and will not hold a meeting this fall.

—The dam of Nancy Hanks will be bred to Director, a near relative of Mr. M. Smith Baughman's George Dictator.

—M. F. Elkin bought of Boone Bros. a lot of 150-pound hogs at 5½ and 3½ pound steers at 2½; of Dan Stagg some heifers at 2½¢.

—Tax Payer, a noted jack, sold at Columbia, Tenn., last week for \$3,250, and Silver Crown, another jack, 16½ hands high and weighing 1,250 pounds, brought \$3,000.

—Stanley Caldwell sold his farm in the West End to Duncan Goodloe for \$3,850. Mr. Goodloe sold his farm to G. Cecil for \$3,900 sometime ago.—Danville Advocate.

—Nicholas McDowell, commissioner of agriculture, has submitted his annual report. It shows the wheat crops the past year to be the largest ever raised in Kentucky. The supply of hogs is short.

—The second day's sale of trotters at Lexington brought 64 under the hammer at an average of \$362. Egbert went to W. B. Hawkins, of Lexington, for \$12,500; Allendorf to E. D. Wiggins, of Boston, Mass., for \$10,000.

—At Woodward & Shanks' trotting stock sale in Lexington, Al Hutchings, of Boyle, bought the filly Ermine, 2:13½, for \$7,700. L. W. Hudson, of Garrard, paid \$625 for Annie Hazel, a 3-year-old McGregor filly. The 48 head sold the first day brought an average of \$648.

—The members of the Blue-Grass Trotting Circuit met in annual session at Lexington Monday. The old officers were re-elected and the following open-

# January Clearance Sale.

We have too many Winter Goods on hand and they

**MUST - MOVE.**

Look at this: Ladies' Fur-Trimmed Jackets \$4.50. Ladies' all w Jersey Jackets \$2.

**HERE'S A CHANCE FOR CHILDREN.**

Sixteen Cloaks, size 8 to 12 to close at \$2. Long Cloaks for Ladies, formerly sold from \$5 to \$15, to close at \$2 only.

**BLANKETS AND COMFORTS**

Are just what you need these cold nights. Here's what you want: A pair of Blankets at 65c, worth \$1; a pair Blankets 1.25, worth \$2; pair Blankets \$1.50, worth \$2.75; a pair of 1 1-4 Blankets at \$2.75, worth \$5. Comforts at 65c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50, all worth more money. Did you say is our CLOTHING department included in the Clearance Sale? Why, of course it is. Here's a corker: Men's double breasted Suits \$6; Men's Overcoats \$2.50; Boys' Overcoats \$1.25; Child's Overcoat 1.00; Men's Jean Coats 90c; 200 Jeans Vests worth 1.25 at 50c. 200 Men's Stiff Hats at cost. Special Bargains in Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

**THE LOUISVILLE STORE,**

*A. HAYS, Manager.*

ing dates chosen for meetings: Mt. Sterling, July 4; Shelbyville July 12; Eminence July 18; Sharpsburg July 25; Danville August 1; Nicholasville August 8; Versailles August 15; Maysville August 22; Lexington August 29; Paris September 5; Winchester September 12; Cynthia September 19. No races longer than two in three will be given.

### HUBBLE.

—M. B. Eubanks has bought 80 ewes of Joe Swope at \$1.50 per head.

—Mr. Charley Patterson, of Middlesboro, spent a few days last week at Mr. R. L. White's.

—William Stone informs us that he will do custom grinding for all who will call on him at his mill near his home, the old Stone farm.

—Business in all branches of trade has been good in this locality and the outlook for the present year is promising.

—It is reported that M. F. Herring will occupy the Swope house and if so we will be glad to have him and family come among us as he is a good man.

—The party at J. W. Bright's was very largely attended and enjoyed by all, with plenty to eat and good behavior prevailing through all the entertainment.

—I now express my thanks to the good people of this community for so many nice Christmas presents, which shall cause my very best wishes to follow them through life.

—I regret to say that Mr. Joe Swope and family will move to Irvington, Ind., about Feb. 1. They go to take charge of a boarding house there. M. B. Eubanks has rented the farm for \$500 for this year.

—Miss Sue Gentry is on a visit among friends in Harrodsburg. If Mr. Sam Engleman can sell or rent his farm he will remove to Kansas. Joe Penman will occupy the James Engleman property this year.

—A very noted rooster was found dead on his roost Wednesday morning and on being examined there was found a lump of ice in his bill, which no doubt froze there as he tried to discharge his duty as a crower, till his breathing was shut off.

—Some of the boys of this lodge have been very faithful in their attendance during the cold snap, while others are absent a great deal at roll call. Now boys come in and enjoy the fire and ice water. It is here for you and free if you will only call and partake.

—Squire Bright and little son, Greenberry, started to Stanford Monday, when the sleigh broke down and both had to foot it back home. Misses Natie and Janie McClure, of Casey, visited relatives here last week. Wm. Greerer is on a visit to friends in Russell county. Joe Rice has returned to Frankfort to attend school. Miss Maggie Spoonamore, of Beuna Vista, is visiting relatives here.

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., JANUARY 13, 1893

W. P. WALTON.

## BAFFLED CONSPIRATORS.

BY W. E. NORRIS.  
(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.  
USELESS EUSTACE.



"You have arrived just in time to stand up for yourself."

Lady Belvoir, like the generality of perfectly selfish people, was good natured. So long as she got what she wanted she was very willing that others also should get what they wanted. Indeed, she much preferred their doing so, because it is pleasant to associate with contented than with discontented mortals. As for Percy Thorold, he was, perhaps, of all her captives the one of whom she was the least proud and whose allegiance she was the least anxious to retain. For one thing, he had wearied her to death; for another, she was quite well aware that he had been in love, not with her, but with a girl of her name who had long since ceased to exist; finally, he had never for a moment succeeded in touching her heart.

Consequently her feeling toward him was one of simple friendliness, and as she knew him to be an excellent man in all respects (except those which she cared for) she was honestly pleased to discover that he was smitten with the only girl in the world whom she ever found tolerable as a companion. She found various means of bringing them together, and amused herself when she

### Those Collar Buttons.

The most aggressive of all life's minor evils is a man's collar button. It is the most elusive of things when sought for and the most obtrusive when in place. Every sort and style seems to have been invented to abate its trying qualities, but it still remains an obstinate fact, and especially obstinate and uncomfortable when on the back of a man's neck rubbing and irritating the sensitive flesh. And when that collar button serves double duty and holds down the collar, and by being an ungainly lozenge-shaped thing also holds down the necktie, then indeed is its presence felt most unfortunately.

Terrible boils have times unnumbered been occasioned by these ungainly metal things on a man's neck, and their torturing for so long a time is a matter of wonder, especially when the matter is so easily remedied. One needs to go only across the way to find the remedy, and it is this: On many of the newest collars there is the necessary central buttonhole in the back, which fastens over an ordinary pearl button which is sewed on the shirt. On either side the buttonhole two small flaps are stitched. The flap is stitched to the collar and is just its own width from the lower edge of the collar. These flaps are of three or four ply linen, and when laundered are as stiff as the collar itself. The necktie is slipped under them, as with the oblong button, and no exercise, be it ever so violent, will loosen it from its confinement, and let it ride the collar, as it has always had a tendency heretofore to do.—New York Herald.

### An Extravagant Pair.

It is not generally known that the German empress, in spite of her many excellent qualities, is very extravagant, and owes large sums of money to the Berlin tradesman, one firm alone having a bill of \$800,000 marks, or \$160,000, against her majesty. The empress never wears either a dress, a mantle or a bonnet a second time in public, and everything that she buys is of the very best. It is all the more surprising when it is recollect that how extremely simple her surroundings were before her marriage to Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, and even after her marriage, until her husband succeeded to the empire.

The emperor is also very largely in debt in spite of the handsome present made to him last spring by the Empress Frederick, who advanced him 1,500,000 marks.

His majesty undertook the greater part of the expenses incurred at the Luther festival at Wittenberg. The emperor has, unfortunately, not the slightest idea of money, and scatters it right and left, to the great horror of many of his royal subjects.—Cincinnati Post.

### Useful Articles at a Fair.

"Old men's comforts" is what packages on sale at some recent fairs were labeled. The packages include a pair of gloves of knitted wool, a large neckerchief of soft woolen cloth, a package of tobacco and a pipe.

The "comforts" sold quickly, as many visitors could readily pick out among their protégés at least one "old man" who would welcome the quartet of articles.—New York Letter.

had nothing better to do by watching the progress of their mutual relations. They were obviously falling in love with one another, but were just as obviously unconscious of it, so that their satisfaction in meetings which they had never arranged and their ill-concealed disappointment when, as sometimes happened, those meetings failed to come off, formed a pretty and refreshing little idyl for a disenchanted woman of the world to contemplate at spare moments.

Lady Belvoir's spare moments, to be sure, were not numerous, for she had many irons in the fire, and these naturally required pretty constant attention. Still, she was not so self engrossed but that she could occasionally devote a little time to the interests of an old and valued friend, and it is certain that at this period Percy Thorold's opinion of her underwent a marked change for the better. As the spring and summer went on, and as his engagement to and rapture with his cousin passed into the category of ancient history, he became a more and more frequent visitor in Carlton House terrace. He was still by way of shunning the gay world, but perhaps his reasons for so doing were no longer the same as they had been earlier in the year. It is only quite young and quite old men who go into society for society's sake—the others submit to it in order to meet somebody; and if that individual can be met just as easily and far more comfortably at afternoon tea why should a busy politician neglect public affairs for the chance of a few hurried words in a crowded ball room?

But, of course, busy politicians cannot always count upon being free from 5 and 6 o'clock, and that is why Percy was unable to put in an appearance at Lady Belvoir's one afternoon, although he had previously given Miss Leslie to understand that he would be there.

"My dear girl," Lady Belvoir said, when her friend entered, "I am delighted to see you, but I'm afraid you won't see anybody except me today. I did ask Percy to look in, but I have just had a note from him to say that he is bound to be at Westminster."

"But really I don't want to see anybody except you," Dorothy replied, with impudent merriment.

"Oh, well, if you are sure of that"—Lady Belvoir paused for a moment and laughed—"if you are sure of that," she resumed presently, "I'll ring and order tea. All things considered, I don't know that I particularly care about seeing anybody except you, so I won't send you away."

These two women, who had so little in common, had by this time at any rate a considerable number of common acquaintances, and upon these their conversation not unnaturally turned. Thus justice, without very much mercy, was done to many persons who, by reason of the narrowness of the present stage, have not been introduced to the reader, as well as to one or two who have. Mr. Moreton, for example, if he had been concealed behind one of the numerous screens which adorned the room, would have been forced to listen to certain truths about himself which could hardly have failed to make him unhappy, although he might have been to some extent consoled by hearing Lady Belvoir take his part.

"I don't know why you are always so hard upon my poor little Schneider," she said. "He isn't clever, of course; but one can't expect everybody to be clever."

"No—only I don't think he is a gentleman," Dorothy replied.

"Has any one ever had the effrontery to assert that he was? What do you mean by a gentleman? I mean a person entitled to use coat armor, and I don't see what all the other elaborate definitions that one hears have to do with the subject. Schneider has just about as many ancestors, I suppose—a few more or a few less—as half the men whom I receive."

"Very likely; but I was thinking of his manners rather than of his birth, and as for half the men whom you receive I never can understand why you receive them."

The truth was that Dorothy could not enter into the good humored disdain with which Lady Belvoir regarded her suitor, one and all; and as rightly or wrongly she thought better of her friend than most people thought, it provoked her to see the encouragement freely accorded to persons who had no right at all to expect anything of the kind. One of these was announced before Lady Belvoir had time to reply, and at the sound of his name Miss Leslie made a grimace. Mr. Eustace Moreton was probably entitled to the use of coat armor, but that did not alter the fact that he was lazy, selfish and inefficient.

Now, if Dorothy disliked this young gentleman—as she did very cordially—he had no great fancy or admiration for her, and, although he did not go so far as to make a face at her, he allowed it to be plainly seen that he was both surprised and pleased to find her in the room. What business had he to be either the one or the other? That was what Dorothy wondered, and what Lady Belvoir could have told her.

"Poor fellow!" laughed Lady Belvoir when she and her friend were once more alone.

"He is indeed!" agreed Dorothy, with fervor. "I don't think I ever in my life met with a poorer fellow."

"Oh, I have," said Lady Belvoir, throwing herself back in her chair and fanning herself lazily: "I have met with lots of poorer creatures. If you come to that, Schneider is a poor creature. The mistake you make, my dear girl, is in asking too much of human nature. I am far more reasonable. The first thing that I ask of a man is that he should adore me; then I expect him to keep his temper with me; finally, I should like him, if he can manage it, to amuse me. But I don't insist upon that."

Merton had the manners of the modern young man, which, with all due respect to the modern young man, is tantamount to saying that his manners might have been more refined and urbane without any detriment to his general attractiveness. He sank into a low chair, felt for the mustache which had recently been sacrificed, and allowed some seconds to elapse before he answered:

"Mr. Useless Mortal, as you so wittily call him—by the way, Dorothy, I wouldn't display wit if I were you; it isn't a popular quality—is all that I could wish him to be. He behaved admirably this afternoon, because I did tell him that I should be at home and

but perhaps that is because we haven't tried as hard as we ought to have done."

At this Lady Belvoir laughed again. "Suppose you begin now?" she suggested. "I shall be happy to retire to the other end of the room if you think you would get on better without me."

"I don't think we should get on at all better without you," answered Dorothy and Moreton in one breath.

It was a pity that after so emphatic a concurrence of opinion they should have been forced to do without her; but at this moment two other visitors made their appearance, and so it came to pass that Dorothy and Mr. Moreton, being left sitting side by side, had to entertain one another whether they liked it or not. Neither of them liked it at all, and Dorothy did not even make an effort to do her duty, so that it devolved upon her neighbor to open the proceedings. This he did by observing in a somewhat aggrieved tone:

"I didn't know that Lady Belvoir had a tea fight on this afternoon."

"I don't think she expected anybody to come," answered Dorothy coldly. "Not even you, perhaps."

"Hm! If it isn't an impudent question, may I ask whether she expected you?"

Impudent or not, he obtained no answer to it; but presently Dorothy observed, "I wonder at your not liking tea parties."

"Do I?" inquired Moreton, more in sorrow than anger, "look like a man who enjoys tea parties?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the girl imperturbably. "Besides, if you don't enjoy tea parties, what do you enjoy?"

"I suppose that means that you look upon me as an effeminate sort of a person. I am sorry for that, but I don't think I'll try to alter your opinion."

"I don't think you could," returned his implacable antagonist.

The young man stared at her in undisguised astonishment.

Mrs. Orme Wilson, of New York, is nothing if not English. All her entertainments are modeled after those of our British cousins.

Mrs. Stevenson, mother of the vice president elect, is eighty-three years of age and one of the best authorities on the early history of Kentucky.

Dr. Kate Campbell Hurd is medical director of the Bryn Mawr school, near Philadelphia. She is the daughter of a physician, and has studied extensively abroad.

Miss Pauline Whitney, of New York, one of the debutantes of this session, is certain to be a belle. That she is a great heiress goes without saying, for she is not only the daughter but the granddaughter of a millionaire.

Mrs. Choate, president of the New York Woman's exchange, is a tall, graceful woman, with gray blue eyes and hair slightly tinged with gray. She is always kind and sympathetic, and listens patiently to many a tale of woe.

Miss Gertrude L. Barrett, daughter of Rev. F. B. Barrett, of Philadelphia, has been made general manager of the Swedenborg Publishing association since the decease of her father, who was for many years president of the association.

### FASHION'S MIRROR.

Green, gray, brown and baize are now very popular for woollens.

For velvet gowns and cloaks dark green, red and black will be most employed.

Satin has won their way back to popular favor, and now "anything that is satin" is in style.

This season will see many glaring red gowns. Red and black will be a specially favored combination.

Pansy velvet and bishop purple are Parisian favorites, and will be seen in both costumes and millinery.

A new style in all wool velvets is a bright ground in colors covered with a soft down of long white hairs.

The Russian velvets now in favor are only those of the richer grades. The lines are a thin cord of silk over a dark woolen background.

Bonnets are of all possible shades, and their garniture is often most original. There will surely be a return of flowers to favor. Already the later importations of Paris bonnets show flowers, lace and fur in close combination.

A wide formless sack coat of seal length shows only two seams. The front parts close by buttons, which reach to the high square collar, under which is a long hood falling down to the waist. The wide sleeves are narrow at the wrists and have no cuffs.—Philadelphia Record.

### CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, is still agitating the establishment of a national gallery of history and art in Washington to be opened just in time to the new year.

"Poor fellow!" laughed Lady Belvoir when she and her friend were once more alone.

"He is indeed!" agreed Dorothy, with fervor. "I don't think I ever in my life met with a poorer fellow."

"Oh, I have," said Lady Belvoir, throwing herself back in her chair and fanning herself lazily: "I have met with lots of poorer creatures. If you come to that, Schneider is a poor creature. The mistake you make, my dear girl, is in asking too much of human nature. I am far more reasonable. The first thing that I ask of a man is that he should adore me; then I expect him to keep his temper with me; finally, I should like him, if he can manage it, to amuse me. But I don't insist upon that."

"And does Mr. Useless Mortal fulfill all those conditions?" inquired Dorothy scornfully.

"Mr. Useless Mortal, as you so wittily call him—by the way, Dorothy, I wouldn't display wit if I were you; it isn't a popular quality—is all that I could wish him to be. He behaved admirably this afternoon, because I did tell him that I should be at home and

alone, and of course he must have thought that I had purposely misled him. When I think of the fuss that Percy Thorold used to make when these unavoidable accidents occurred!"

"Mr. Thorold was engaged to you," observed Dorothy, reddening a little, though there was no ostensible cause for her doing so.

"Yes, for a time he was; but he fussed long before he was engaged. Mr. Moreton, I am sure, would never be fussy and never try to interfere with one's arrangements. A pleasanter man to marry I can't imagine, and I really quite regret that it is impossible for me to marry him."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," Dorothy declared.

"Thanks very much. Would you prefer my marrying your friend Schneider, then?"

"Of the two I think I should," answered Dorothy. "Mr. Schneider, at least, is rich enough to be disinterested."

"You almost make me wish to convince you that the other is disinterested too. But perhaps it wouldn't be worth while. Taking everything into consideration I think I will leave matrimony to you, my dear. You are better fitted for domestic joys than I am, and Percy—oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to say that."

"I don't know what you were going to say," declared Dorothy, with a good deal of dignity.

"Of course you don't. Well, I was only going to say that Percy also is fitted for domestic joys. Possibly he may have told you so himself by this time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Robert Winthrop, of New York, is worth over \$10,000,000.

Hulda Friedrichs has the honor of being the first lady taken on the regular staff of a London paper.

Miss Bertie O. Burn, of Auburndale, Mass., who saved two girls from drowning last summer, has been presented with a medal.

Mrs. Orme Wilson, of New York, is nothing if not English. All her entertainments are modeled after those of our British cousins.

### HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscription will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of \$3 per volume.

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THE VOLUMES OF THE MAGAZINE BEGIN WITH THE NUMBER OF JANUARY

## NYE ON THE NEW YEAR

IT ISN'T WELL TO BE TOO MUCH OF A "JOLLY DOG."

**William Relates a Pathetic Box Office Scene—The Landlord Who Ran a Hotel at Hurley, and Something About That Place—The Newly Wedded Pair.**

(Copyright, 1883, by Edgar W. Nye.)  
The new year brings with it many hopes and fears, joy and regret—hopes and fears for the future, joy and regret for the past. A great French philosopher says that after forty we should be very grateful if we are not absolutely and completely

they also hung on the flank of the Union army during the war. They have therefore arrived at the age of discretion. If they did not care to be kidnaped they could have gone right away from there.

Wemeta a retired landlord from Hurley on the train to Alpena the other day. He was a handsome young fellow of Irish birth and was dressed in purple and fine linen. He also wore a high silk hat with a broad band on it, and his golden hair seemed to have caught the gleam of a dying light in October. He was just the kind of man to make a low, dirty, drunken, imported murderer mad, he looked so cool and clean and sweet.

He had been at Hurley running a hotel. He had worn a white vest one day last summer to market, also a tall hat. He did not get his marketing, but he got a wealth of tobacco juice on his white vest, and his hat was found on the roof of the opera house after ten days had sped on winged wings.

Hurley has seven or eight opera houses which are open every day in the year. The audiences are entirely men folks, and opera glasses are not called for. The Sabbath is set aside as a day for recovering from the Saturday night debauch, but the recovery also requires Monday, and even Tuesday forenoon. The Hurley jag has a worldwide reputation and speaks for itself.

Social matinees are held in the morning to accommodate the miners who work at night and cannot see society except in the daytime. Men wear their hats and smoke Cable tobacco—i.e., tobacco that one can smoke in Wisconsin and smell in Europe. Wearing their hats at these theatrical performances is a cheap imitation of the custom among ill-mannered ladies, but the tobacco habit they have picked up out of their own heads.

The opera is in the line of comic opera and consists of varied specialties and is played by artists who wear their property clothes on the street, and their tights when on the stage show how high their boot legs come when they are dressed for the street.

The girl who sings about the picture that was turned toward the wall has an Eoleean nose, through which she sings a sad lay. She stands on the outside of her feet as she warbles, and there are traces of sadness on her face, also traces of iron ore around her waist. Possibly some one has loved her—some man under the influence of drink, I mean—and with his iron covered arm has clasped her ore and ore, only to be repulsed impatiently by those thoughtless words, "Oh, go and chase yourself!"

And so he has gone away, leaving her alone to face all those people and sing and try to be gay. Girls ought to be more careful what they say to men who are intoxicated.

I once knew of a young lady who told a man to avante under those circumstances, and now, although she is happy and wealthy, she is an old maid.

How much better it is to have some one you can call your own, no matter how worthless and low, than to be an old maid!

Hurley is gay and lively with its foreign tongues heard here and there, the merry music of the orchestra of the nearest theater and the dull thud that strikes one's ear as it is richly repaid for wearing eyeglasses on the street or wiping his nose with a handkerchief.

I can imagine a sweet voiced *onjewen* girl elocutionist reading one of Browning's poems here to these great, strong, manly fellows who wear whiskers whenever they happen to spring up, and who drink to excess.

We did not play Hurley.

I would not mind playing the Siberian tallow candle circuit, but Hurley does not appreciate real art.

Opposite to us one day in a Pullman there was a pair of newly wedded people. I was reading, but the story was too massive for me, treating of fin de cycles and one thing or another, and of living for a purpose, and of getting a firm grasp on the tail of the age in which we live, and so forth, and thus I sort of listened to the bright and childlike talk of the two sweet things cuddled up there together, with her little gray gloved hand now and then gliding through his whiskers in such a way as to make him think that he was one great solid mass of whiskers, whereas he only had little "siders," which looked like ear muffs that had worked forward.

"And so we go to New Orleans, Ambrose?" she asked as she opened her new traveling bag and took out a new cake of soap to smell of.

"Yes," said Ambrose, scowling at the toe of his new boot, which was hurting him, I judge, "we take the Q. and C. from Cincinnati, or we take the luxurious Illinois Central, which has such cunning little depots all along its line, and we will spend a week in New Orleans."

"No seats, I say!" was the hurried answer in a loud tone.

"Not even in the orchestra?"

"No!"

"Whassay?"

"Well, that's me all over. Come four miles over a road that's froze tighter than the top on a new bile, and can't hear nothin' over eight foot to save my life, and got to buy standin' room. Louisiana and the girls has got the luff on me this time."

Much has been printed throughout the United States regarding the condition of society at Hurley, Wis. Probably some of it is true. It is said that the people there are mostly miners who have been imported from abroad under contract. Some of them were caught in Poland alive, and others were snared in Russia. They talk their own language, drink alcohol when depressed mentally and chew tobacco in the English language.

Several times the world has been startled by the news that a large stockade had been established in a forest a few miles from Hurley, and that young girls were being kidnaped from Chicago to be locked up in these stockades to lead wicked lives or be cruelly slain and buried at midnight in the asparagus bed adjoining the prison. It was a sad tale and aroused much sympathy, but later information shows that these girls were kidnaped from Boiler avenue, and that

they also hung on the flank of the Union army during the war. They have therefore arrived at the age of discretion. If they did not care to be kidnaped they could have gone right away from there.

"Oh, how sweet!" she said. "We will go out to a plantation where they are making sugar, and we will make wax sugar. Did you ever eat any of that, Ambrose?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, you just take the hot sugar, you know, and pour it on the snow. It is real good."

She will make a good wife to him, I am sure, and will order things from the market. She will order her croquettes by the set and live for weeks on purple cold sugar because it matches the tablecloth.

But Ambrose will not care—that is, for three or four weeks—and then he will have the colic some night, and she will talk to him about his heart and how to keep it ever true to her, when it is not his heart that is hurting him at all, and she will put a beautiful pale blue night-shirt on him to roll on the floor in till the doctor comes, and the doctor will, after he has heard the history of the case, take her aside and tell her if she really does love Ambrose she had better get goods that will match his interior decorations instead of the tablecloth, and he will recover, and by and by they will accidentally know something.

*Bill Nye*

Fortune's Smile.



"Now that I have spent a good deal of money in putting up my establishment I will wait with the hope that fortune will smile upon me."



"Ah, now! That's it—only when I say three, smile pleasantly. One, two!"



"What a fool I was to mention that smile!"—St. Nicholas.

The Light Headed Youth.

The clock struck 11, and the young man rose to go. "Is it possible I have been here so long?" he murmured, apologetically.

"Oh, do you look at it in that way?" suggested the young lady with sudden coolness.

"Such a waste of time," he continued, stumbling only on to destruction.

"Sir! if you!"

"Oh your time, my dear miss," he gasped on the brink, and was saved from going over.

"Don't mention it," she said sweetly, and they parted as friends, but he realized that it was a narrow escape.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Short.

"These are the shortest days in the year," said Mrs. Jimson to her husband.

"What of it?" asked Jimson testily. "I'm just as short as the days and a blamed sight shorter since you came back from that shopping expedition."—Buffalo Express.

The March of Intellect.

Father (rebukingly)—When I was a little boy I never thought of asking such questions.

Tommy (the youngest)—Ah, but, papa, when you was a little boy I wasn't born!—Funny Folks.

With a Ring.

The winter girl who is described as dressed to kill would doubtless be classified as a form of slay-belle.—Washington Star.

## THE CORNSTALK DISEASE.

Detection and Prevention of This Serious Affliction.

Dr. Frank S. Billings reports as follows:

In endeavoring to portray the symptoms of this disease we come face to face with a question of exceeding difficulty, because of their very close resemblance to other diseases which occur in cattle in our western states, and even anthrax itself offers intra-vital phenomena which more or less closely resemble those presented by this disease, especially in the most acute form. This fact has led many veterinarians into most serious errors in diagnosis. The occurrence of this disease in the months from November to March must be of essential differential diagnostic value.

Like the swine plague, this disease may be fatal in twenty-four hours, or it may extend to eight or ten days or some weeks before such a result occurs. It is not a universally fatal disease, as we now know better than ever before.

Primarily we have to do with an acute blood poisoning disease, which, like all such diseases, is accompanied by a more or less excessive exacerbation of the bodily temperature, varying, so far as known, from 39 degrees, C. to 42 degrees, F., so far as known, from 102.2 degrees, F. to 107.6 degrees, F.

These disturbances of the circulation frequently extend to the brain, where engorgement and cerebral pressure occur, which in some animals takes on the form of craziness, giddiness, and chancery, other animals, especially dogs, hogs or fowls, but seldom human beings. This has led to the mistake of their being called "mad" at times, and to this disease being mixed up with so called "hydrocephalus" in cattle by some veterinarians. Other animals stand by themselves or are depressed and lethargic to move. Separation from their companions is one of the first indications of illness. As nearly as I can discern they can all swallow and all drink. As in swine plague and southern cattle plague, constipation is a very frequent occurrence, while laxity of the bowels also often occurs and may be looked upon as rather a favorable complication. Red urine does not occur. The visible mucus are injected and often have yellowish red tintings. My inoculated hog died all the time and even a little during its most ill days. That sick animal should be disinfected to eat and often to drink is no wonder; but if clear water is placed before them no difficulty in swallowing will be discovered. Milk cows soon slacken in their yield of the lacteal fluid, and frequently the secretion ceases altogether for a time.

It must be borne in mind that if the manure and litter from a cattle yard where animals have had this disease are taken out and sown over a field and then plowed in, and that field is planted with corn, such corn is very liable to become invaded by this germ, and thus can be the cause of more losses in cattle if turned into such a "stall field" the ensuing fall and winter.

On the eruption of this disease in a herd of cattle which have been used to do the lazy man's cleaning on a stall field the first symptom taken is the paroxysm of withdrawal of the herd from such a field and such fodder. The next thing to do is either to number, brand or adopt some other means by which a record can be kept of each animal in the lot, and then take the temperature of each one night and morning. All with a temperature of over 102 degrees, F. must be looked upon as suspicious. Those in which it does not exceed or rise over 102 degrees, F. need not cause any worry. There is no need of separating from the herd, as the disease is not contagious.

A saline purgative is indicated for all the animals. Those that die should be cremated, and with them a lot of the litter in the yard. If possible to avoid it, the regular cattle man should never be used to clean up after any of them have become ill. Again I repeat in no case should a particle of the manure or refuse from a place where such cattle have been confined ever be used for fertilizing purposes. Burn it up.

The illustrations of the disease in corn and descriptions of the same have put us in possession of that practical knowledge by which we should be able to invariably tell when the germ so dangerous to our live stock is infested with this germ as to do the post harvest gleaming. From conversation with several farmers I am quite convinced that even now some of them have quite distinct ideas of the manner in which the corn itself is affected, and that as we have obtained an exact description of this disease of the stored grain the herds and flocks should now be able to totally prevent this disease in our live stock so far as the gleaming of our corn fields is concerned. But this still leaves us to face several uncertainties, which can only be settled by careful observation by farmers and exact investigation by competent investigators.

Knowing that the corn fodder is diseased, both as to the husks and leaves, the question is, Does the germ also penetrate the cob and growing kernel, and can they also cause the disease?

Are grasses also infested by this germ? And if so, which? This last is a very important question, for if they cannot be, then such fields can be used for raising grasses. This can be best determined by actual experiment, and intelligent farmers, who should turn such fields into grass, including patches of millet and clover and then feed a few cattle with each kind without the admixture of any other herbage food.

It would be well if the experiment stations would make suitable arrangements in this direction with intelligent farmers and bear the expense of using such an infected corn field or experimentation in about the following manner:

It should be thoroughly cleansed of all refuse of the old corn crop, but not exposed to the action of fire.

A portion should be planted in corn, and if any stalks appear diseased during the growing period, should be fed to cattle, and after every precaution against accident from other causes to cattle and also rabbits. The latter might be tried first, as enough is now known of the germ of this disease to enable any competent person to recognize it correctly. When the corn is ripe the ears should be gathered carefully and all full ears separated from those incomplete in development. Feeding experiments should be made with both. After the crop of corn has been gathered a few cattle should be turned into it in order to avoid any error. Naturally each section of the field should be separated from the other, and if, as Professor Burrill's letter suggested, such a field as one of "forty acres" can be pretty generally infested, such a one should be used for this kind of experiment.

Variots grasses, such as timothy, rye and in fact all grasses used for feeding stock, should be planted in lots in such a field. One lot of each kind should be used for pasturing in summer for a few cattle, while the crop of another lot should be preserved for winter use and then fed to a certain number of cattle.

It is too much to ask any farmer to do all this; as his own expense, but the interest at stake makes it the imperative duty of the agricultural experiment stations to do it, this being one of the purposes for which they were created, though Nebraska is the only state that has done its duty thus far in this regard.

There are an abundance of public spirited and intelligent farmers who will gladly support the work. In fact Mr. McElveen has written me that he intends to follow out my suggestions as to grasses and millet with the field of soil to his very great delight, and his experiences with the disease. Let me add that Mr. McElveen goes to show that there is no danger in such grasses raised on such land.

Wherever such a disease has occurred every stalk and leaf on such a field should be destroyed by fire, and until we know to the contrary the field should be seeded down to hay.

There is no question but that the infected remnants of the corn fodder can upon their decay cause the further infection of the field by the germ thus becoming free and again developing in the soil.

The absolute necessity of tile or ditch draining the lower portions of corn fields has been emphatically indicated by every practical observation that it would seem unnecessary to call further attention to it as a most essential factor in rendering our corn crop almost free from the dangers of this disease and the cattle.

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Nineteen good Ewes and also one thoroughbred southdown Lamb; one 1,500 pound corn-fed, fat old Steer; 7 yearling Mare Mules, good colts. D. M. CREIGHTON, Kingsville, Lincoln county, Ky.

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I will sell privately my Farm of 50 Acres on the Danville & Stanford pike, three miles from Stanford. It is well improved, with dwelling of five rooms, new barn and all necessary outbuildings; also has fine spring. Call on me on the premises or address me at Stanford, Ky.

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37-41

### A Glimpse at Westminster Abbey.

AL M. HENDER.

To the Editor Interior Journal.  
Tennyson was buried in that historic old burying place, Westminster Abbey. Inasmuch as this building has been brought to mind by the interment of the late poet laureate, a brief sketch of the Abbey will not be out of place. Of the founding of an abbey on Thorney Island, the site of Westminster, there has been a good deal of speculation among monkish writers, and some wonderful stories are told regarding it, as also about its dedication. A legend says that Sebert, king of the East Saxons, who died in 616, ordered Mellitus, then Bishop of London, to perform the ceremony, but that St. Peter, accompanied by angels, came the night before the dedication was to take place and performed the rite. Historians have agreed that the sixth century was the date of the founding and completing a part of the Abbey as it is to-day. Successive rulers added to, destroyed, rebuilt and repaired the structure, until now it is 375 feet the longest way, 200 feet wide and 140 feet high. There are nearly 1,200 people buried in this Abbey.

One of the most interesting parts of it all is the South Transept, or Poets' Corner, as it is called. Here are the graves and monuments and busts of literary lights of the last two or three centuries. There is a monument to David Garrick, which represents him drawing aside a curtain, disclosing a medallion, which represents his superior power in unveiling the beauties of Shakespeare. A figure of Joseph Addison stands on a circular basement, surrounded by small figures of the nine Muses. Near at hand are the busts of Lord Macaulay and Thackeray. Over the door of St. Faith is the bust of Goldsmith, with a festoon curtain, olive branches and books. Near this door lies a black marble slab, which covers the remains of Charles Dickens, while near him are Sheridan and Samuel Johnson. Gay, who wrote farces, fables, satires and pastorals, has this epitaph, which was written by himself:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Nicholas Rowe, who was poet laureate in 1714, lies near the monument to Shakespeare's memory, which is one of the finest in the Abbey, and was erected 125 years after the great poet's death. The inscription upon his monument is taken from *The Tempest* and is as follows:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the base fabric of a vision  
Leave not a wretched behind.

Just above this is the bust of Robert Southey. Thomas Campbell, who wrote "The Pleasures of Hope," has a statue to his memory, which represents him as standing in his academic robes of Lord Rector, and a relieved figure, with a torch, representing the triumph of immortal Hope. Not far away is a monument to Thomas Shadwell, historiographer in the reign of William III. John Milton, who needs no other tablet to his memory than his almost inspired writings, has a monument here directly below which is a figure in relief representing the Lyric Muse holding a medallion of Gray and pointing to the bust of Milton. Upon this monument to Gray are these lines:

No more the Grecian Muse unrivaled reigns;  
To Britons let the Nations homage pay;  
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

Jolly old Samuel Butler has a monument which was erected by the Lord Mayor of London in order "that he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead." Just beneath Butler is the tomb of Edmund Spencer, over which is a marble shaft with an appropriate inscription. Ben Jonson lies not far away, over whose remains there is chiseled, "O, Rare Ben Jonson!" On the left Michael Draiton has a monument with these words: "Michael Draiton, Esq., a memorable poet of his age, exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, Anno 1631." Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, has a beautiful Gothic monument and also a memorial window to his memory. Beneath the window is the name of the poet and these quaint lines:

Free to the poor, and dwell with sooth fastness,  
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;

\* \* \*

That thee is sent receyve in baxness;

The wrastling for this world asketh a fall.

These lines are from one of his poems called "Balade of Godde Conisnale." Oliver Cromwell's remains is a plain but expensive monument, on which he is called "The Pindar, Horace and Virgil of England." John Dryden was thought by the Duke of Buckingham, who erected the monument, to need no inscription to spread his fame, so he had cut in the marble, "J. Dryden, born 1632, died May 1, 1700." Sir William Davenant, who was a boy in Shakespeare's time, has a tablet to his memory as a poet laureate.

Near Dryden's tomb lies Francis Beaumont without a monument or an inscription to his memory. Such is fame and such the ingratitude of Nations towards their men of genius and of worth. In the south aisle, away from all this "goodly company," is a monument to William Dowsdow, the predecessor of Tennyson, as poet laureate. America's gifted Longfellow has a bust in Poets' Corner, which gazes complacently down upon all this assembly of mighty men of letters.

A firm perused the novels strong,  
While aunts and cousins entered in  
List with names that should belong;  
Of course each claim could never win.  
The baby grew and found his tongue,  
And set our fancies to his will,  
And yelled one night, with boyish din,  
"Come off the roof and call me Bill!"

### They Met at Last.

The lamp with its garniture of prismatic crystal shed a subtle and insidious odor that permeated the entire apartment.

Incidentally it shed a dim, mellow light upon the girl who sat on one side of the center table and the fellow who tarried opposite.

She appeared to be suffering with an unsatisfied ambition.

"You were speaking?"

His voice was like that of one whose soul is much distraught.

"of old adages."

"Oh, yes, I think"

She raised her hand to protect her face from the scathing heat of the coal stove.

"many trite sayings are without truth. For instance?"

She shot a coy glance across the table,

"the one which says distance lends enchantment."

When another hour had elapsed the lamp was still emitting its perfume, but the center table was no longer between the fellow and the girl.—Detroit Tribune.

### Hard Pushed.



"I wonder if that master of mine thinks I am another Nancy Hanks?"—Jubilee Life.

How He Slept.

The hotel clerk was talking to the drummer.

"You see a good many funny things in your travels," he said, "and occasionally I see one or two and stay at home. Day before yesterday we had a country dude stopping with us over night. He had on store clothes and a blue necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night I told him there was a folding bed in it, and if he wished the bell boy would show him how it worked. But not much; he didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live in the country. So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away.

"About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned up on the glass was a sarcastic little legend reading:

"Gol dern yore foldin bed! Why don't you make'em longer and put more kivers onto um? Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your durned old cubberd!"

The drummer laughed.

"The durned old cubberd," resumed the clerk, "was one of our best wardrobe folding beds." And then they both laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Pariah.

The Court—Prisoner, have you any friends?

The Prisoner—No, your honor. I have contracted the habit of giving advice to every one I meet.

The Court—No wonder you are charged with vagrancy. Ninety days.—Chicago News-Record.

### A Sprinkle of Spice.

"There's the most imaginative man I ever heard of."

"How so?"

"He can ride in a Buffalo street car and think he's warm."—Buffalo Express.

### Just What He Wanted.

"Suppose Columbus hadn't discovered America, Willie, would you have liked that?"

"You bet? It would 'a' cut jography down one-half."—Harper's Bazaar.

### Susceptible.

Parker—Nesbit is awfully credulous, it seems to me.

Duston—What makes you think so?

Parker—Why, even his pictures flatter him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Not Far Off.

The boy who quoted in his composition, "Sweat are the uses of adversity" was not so far out of the way. Poverty and perspiration are frequent companions.—Lowell Courier.

### Naming the Baby.

We searched the list from first to last

To find a name appropriate.

To crown our curly headed boy.

We wanted something strong and great.

First Leonard struck us like a bomb.

A goodly name; alas! and when

The owner reaches man's estate: He'll thunder down old time as Len.

Philander troubled us awhile—

For man should love his fellowman;

But 'tis so easy to behead.

To crown our Phil, we never can.

Now Rodger is rich in fame.

We will; we won't. 'Twll never do

To place our boy beneath the ban

Of common Rod his life all through.

A charming name was Lancelet

Or Valentine, Augustus, all;

But Lance and Val and Gus are not